

Utah Historical Quarterly

State Capitol, Salt Lake City

Volume 5

January, 1932

Number 1

THE SALMON RIVER MISSION

Extract from the Journal of L. W. Shurtliff

As Edited By W. W. Henderson*

THE SALMON RIVER MISSION: ORGANIZATION AND FOUNDING

The Salmon River Mission was one of those established by the Latter-day Saints in 1855. In this year there were five such missions established. There was a three-fold purpose in organizing these missions. The first was to acquire new territory to provide homes and lands for the great number of saints who were coming into Salt Lake Valley. The second purpose was to civilize, preach the gospel to and convert the Indians. The third purpose was a part of, or grew out of the second—to establish unmistakable peace and good will between themselves and the natives.

The men and women who went out into the unknown wilds to set up these missions were called to this duty by their leaders in the Church, and responded willingly to the undertaking.

It was on May 19, 1855, that the first company was organized for colonizing the great North West. There were twenty-six men in the company and no women or children. The officers elected for leading this company were:

Thomas S. Smith, President of the mission, Farmington, Utah.

Francillo Durfee, Captain of the company, Ogden, Utah.

David Moore, Secretary, Ogden, Utah.

B. F. Cummings, Captain of the guard, Ogden, Utah.

*Furnished by Judge W. H. Reeder, Jr., Ogden, Utah.

The members of the company besides those named, were:

Ezra J. Barnard, Farmington	Isaac Shepherd, Farmington
Baldwin H. Watts, South Weber	George R. Grant, Kaysville
Charles Dalton, Centerville	Israel J. Clark, Centerville
Wm. H. Bachelor, Salt Lake City	Ira Ames, Salt Lake City
William Bundridge, Salt Lake City	Thomas Butterfield, West Jordan
William Burgess, Provo	Abraham Zundel, Willard
Everett Lish, Willard	Gilbert R. Belnap, Ogden
Joseph Parry, Ogden	Nathaniel Leavitt, Ogden
Pleasant Green Taylor, Ogden	Charles McCeary, Ogden
John Gallagher, Ogden	John W. Browning, Ogden
David H. Stevens, Ogden	George W. Hill, Ogden

(All the towns following the above names are in Utah.)

The company was organized on the west side of Bear River, Utah, and was provided with thirteen wagons, twenty-six yoke of oxen, a few cows and some implements of industry, besides enough provisions to last them for nearly a year.

They traveled northward up Malad Valley, crossed the Bannock Mountains, continued northward down Bannock Creek, crossed the Portneuf River, Ross' Fork and Blackfoot River, shortly after which they reached Snake River which they crossed about five miles north of Fort Hall, and near Ross' Butte. From here they traveled northeastward on the west side of the Snake River until they reached a point three miles above "Eagle Rock," now called Idaho Falls. They left Snake River at this place and traveled toward the range of mountains on the northwest. They passed by Market Lake and by Muddy Lake from whence they crossed a desert thirty miles in extent, and finally reached "Birch Creek." They followed this stream to its source for sixty miles. This brought them to the top of the Salmon River range of mountains. Going down the other side they followed the Limhi River to a point twenty miles above where it empties into the Salmon River. They arrived at this place on June the fifteenth, 1855, and were three hundred and thirty-three miles from Ogden, according to the odometer constructed by Colonel David Moore.

Here they built a fort of pallisade which they named "Fort Limhi." It was about twenty rods square. The pallisade was built of logs sixteen feet long standing on end and close together. It had one gate on the east side, and one on the west. The colonizers built their houses of logs, on the inside of the fort. Bastions were built at each corner.

On their arrival they found a large number of Indians roving about the country. They were the Shoshones, Nez Perces and Bannocks, and were on their annual fishing trip. The company

had an interpreter, whose name was George W. Hill. He explained to the natives that the colonizers' purpose was to teach them how to till the soil and become civilized like white men. When the Indians found out that these travelers were their friends and intended to help them, the colonizers were given a hearty welcome.

As soon as the fort was built and the men were in safety they began to break up land and plant crops. They put in peas, potatoes, turnips and other vegetables. Some of the men brought an irrigation ditch from the creek coming from the east side of the valley to the crop which they had planted. Some of the men herded the cattle and kept guard. It was necessary to keep very close watch over themselves as well as their possessions because of thieving Indians. The men were always heavily armed.

This much of the Salmon River event was carried on before Lewis W. Shurtliff became identified with it. We shall now follow him in his first trip to Salmon River.

"LEWIS SHURTLIFF GOES TO SALMON RIVER"

In August, 1855, Lewis was hired by Nathaniel Leavitt to go to Salmon River with John Leavitt to take a load of salt and other supplies and mail. The cattle at Salmon River, finding no salt-beds in that country roamed about very uneasily. Not only were they difficult to herd on this account but were not properly nourished. Nathaniel Leavitt, Green Taylor and others were sent back for a load of salt. Mr. Leavitt was not ready to return immediately, and was given the privilege by President Thomas S. Smith to send some one in his stead. This some one must be suitable, however, to Green Taylor, who recommended Lewis Shurtliff.

This task pleased Lewis very much. He was very fond of travel and especially of exploring new country. He did not mind the dangers or exposure connected with the trip. These were all dissolved in the joy of the wilds.

The two young men were fitted out with a good wagon, containing about three thousand pounds of salt, and plenty of provisions. They also had the mail. They had three yoke of oxen and one good saddle horse. They themselves were well armed, each having two good revolvers, a slide gun and a rifle, which was the first made by Jonathan Browning, and plenty of ammunition. The oxen, though six in number, large and strong, and in good condition were young, rather fresh or "soft" and un-

broken. Only one of them had ever been in the yoke before. The starting out was therefore attended by all the little troubles incident to breaking in so many young oxen in one team. Lewis was the driver or teamster, and John Leavitt was to be cook. But for the first day at least, it required the skill and patience of both to manage the oxen. Between the starting point at Ogden and the arrival at Box Elder, the oxen were simply "herded along the road."

They passed by Box Elder, or Brigham City, and five miles farther north passed Call's Fort, the northern limit of civilization in Utah. They came to Bear River in the region of Collinston or at "Bear River Hill." Here they waded across the river first, to make sure of the best place to drive the oxen. Then they ventured. A lariat was thrown on the horns of one of the head oxen and a strong pull kept on it to aid in guiding the team. They got through the river all right, but the water came into the box of the wagon so that the salt got wet.

Their next task was to get up the "Bear River Hill" on the other side. Thirty hundred pounds was indeed not a heavy load for so many strong oxen, if the oxen had been long broke and knew how to pull. But they knew very little about pulling, and besides this, their necks had become sore from their first experience in the yoke, a thing which generally happened to a fresh ox. The boys could not get the oxen to pull the load up that hill, so half of the load was taken off and the balance taken to the top. This was unloaded and left there while they went back and got that which they had left. When this was brought to the top the rest was loaded in and they went on their journey. They had to repeat this experience on all the long hills between the Bear River and Malad. On short hills they carried half the salt on their backs, one sack at a time. We will not explain how these boys felt about the arduous task which every hill brought. Those who understand human instincts can estimate the thoughts and feelings and even the expressions of these two boys.

When they got to Malad they stayed over night at the home of old father Barnard, who had established there a place for herding his stock through the summer, and whose son, Ezra, was at the time in Salmon River. Brother Barnard welcomed the boys heartily, and had them eat supper and breakfast with him.

The boys were in for trading oxen. The cattle were not their's to be sure; they belonged to Nathaniel Leavitt. But he was in Ogden, the oxen were in charge of the boys and they did not feel like carrying that salt to Salmon River, so they proposed a trade to brother Barnard. The latter liked the looks of

that wheel yoke very much. The oxen in this yoke were young, and they were large, strong and good lookers. In fact he told the boys he had just the pair of cattle they needed to get that salt to Salmon River, and he would let them have the yoke for the wheel team. So the trade was made. Old father Barnard took Nathaniel Leavitt's beautiful pair of reds, and the boys got in return one low bodied, crouching, shabby, crumpled horned brindle, and one long-bodied, lanky, yellow, long-horned Texas steer. When the two were yoked together, one was so high and the other so low that the yoke was inclined at a rather sharp angle, yet the two oxen were about of the same weight. It was certainly a peculiar looking pair as compared with the reds. We fear that even our description flatters them. But old father Barnard was right in his estimate of the oxen he traded off. They were well broke and strong. They took the load all right so there was no more trouble from this source, and the boys were therefore glad of the trade.

Leaving Malad they traveled north on the Salmon River road, crossed Sublets' cut-off, went down Bannock creek and came to Fort Hall. Here they were welcomed by old Captain Grant, who bade them "come right in." They remained at Fort Hall one day. Captain Grant had been an agent many years for the Hudson Bay Company. This company had withdrawn and the Captain was at the fort trading on his own account. He had a squaw wife and had accumulated much property, so that he seemed to be comfortable and contented. He was a very large, gray-haired man, very skillful in dealing with the Indians and friendly to all travelers.

Before Lewis Shurtliff and John Leavitt left Fort Hall they discovered that there were Indians following them, not for any warfare or trouble, but for the purpose of stealing something. They seemed to covet the horse especially. When the boys found out that they were being followed for such purposes they exercised greater care and did not meet with any trouble. The road from Fort Hall to Salmon River follows an Indian trail. This trail had been traveled by Indians and trappers until it was worn from several inches deep in certain places to as much as a foot deep in others. But the trail, while having a straight general direction, was very crooked in detail, turning this way and that around every little obstruction. It was impossible for the colonizers to follow anything but the general direction, all the little crooks being cut out. Lewis W. Shurtliff and John Leavitt were the second company to travel over the revised road to Salmon River.

They crossed Snake River just Northwest of Ross' Butte and traveled in a northeasterly direction up the west side of the river. When they came to Market Lake they found the water low and containing a great many fish. This lake was an overflow from Snake River. When the river was high, an old channel leading from the river to the lake carried the fresh water of spring time into the bed of the lake, completely filling it. When the water in the river went down the lake would almost dry up. It was in this condition when the boys first saw it. At Market Lake they left the river and traveled westward. The next place of any interest was Muddy Lake. This too was almost dry. From Muddy Lake to Birch Creek was a long stretch of dreary uninviting country. It was as it is still, a broad alkali flat, supporting no vegetation except grease wood and a few other scrub dry land plants. The country continuous to Birch Creek was good. The soil, though mixed freely with gravel, was good. In fact a prosperous farming community is now supported by this country. When they got to Birch Creek a band of Indians came to them in a friendly way and wanted provisions and ammunition. The boys assured them that they had none to spare. This made them a little angry, but seeing the boys so well armed they did not attempt any violence. The travelers took the greatest of care not to be caught unawares by the wily savages. When they camped it was usually in a bend of the river which would aid in the protection of the oxen. Only one slept at a time, the other being on constant guard. During most of the journey the Indians caused them considerable annoyance, but never surrounded them with danger, or attacked them. They followed little Lost River to its source, which brought them to the top of the Salmon River Divide where they crossed the Lewis and Clark trail to the northwest. They started down the other side following Limhi Creek, and they certainly felt good, as they knew that they were "getting home," and wouldn't have to carry any more salt up hills, and that they had every chance of reaching their destination in safety. Early in September they arrived at Fort Limhi and were very kindly and gladly received. They had not sustained any loss or ill luck. They had the whole load of salt, all the provisions and other articles which had been sent by friends at home, and the mail which brought welcome letters and other news from dear ones in Utah.

"LIFE AT FORT LIMHI"

During the fall, all busied themselves in making log houses for winter shelter. These were constructed in a row along the inner four sides of the fort. Immediately inside the wall, or palli-

sades, they left a space which served as a yard for wood. A little farther in was the row of houses, and in the center of the fort a large square. They dug a well in the center of the square and hoisted a tall flag-pole from the top of which the stars and stripes waved at all appropriate times.

One house in this fort was constructed with a large room in which the colonizers met regularly for church service and worship. These men who were on this Salmon River Mission were far removed from civilization and were without women or children, but they were devoted to their religious duties, and their conduct was never such that they need be ashamed of it before their wives or mothers, or even in the sight of God.

It was clear that they did not have enough provisions to last more than three or four months, so the president of the mission, Thomas S. Smith, called for volunteers to return immediately to Utah so that they could come back as early in the spring as possible with supplies. The following seven men responded: George W. Hill, Joseph Parry, Abraham Zundel, William Burch, Isaac Shepherd, Thomas Butterfield and William Batchelor. They were fitted up with three wagons and six yoke of oxen. They left Fort Limhi on the fourth of December, 1855, and arrived in Ogden on the twenty-sixth of the same month. They were in good health, with the exception of some suffering from frost bites. They were compelled to leave one of their wagons by the way side.

During the first winter at Salmon River the colonists had a real pleasant time. There was no contagious diseases to contend with and sickness was almost unknown. The men busied themselves and vied with each other in learning the Indian language. This being an unwritten language, to learn it meant a careful exercise of the ear and the sound producing organs. It would likely be an impossibility to reduce the Indian language to writing. Some one would at least have to invent a new alphabet to fit the peculiar sounds of this native tongue. Our colonizers progressed nicely in learning the language. Lewis W. Shurtliff or "Slim" as he was familiarly called did extra well. In fact he gained a reputation for being an Indian interpreter.

When Spring came in 1856 the men all went to work breaking up land and putting in crops. As the fort was a community fort, so the land was community land and the crop community crop. They all worked together, each doing all that he could, as all were to partake equally of the harvest. Their farm was just below, or to the north of the Fort.

When Lewis Shurtliff first went to Salmon River he was a hired man for Nathaniel Leavitt. He was not therefore looked upon as a member of the mission. But before the winter had passed the president of the mission, learning of the fine character, courageous spirit, and general ability of the young man, wrote in to Salt Lake and had him called. The call came, and by the Spring of 1856, he was a fully appointed missionary.

When President Brigham Young and his party came out in 1857, Lewis was set apart by Orson Hyde, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards, Lorenzo Snow being voice. He acted as a member of the mission however, and not as a hired man for more than a year before he was set apart. The following is the blessing sealed upon his head by the three persons named.

"Brother Lewis Shurtliff, in the name of Jesus Christ we set you apart to this mission, and dedicate you to this purpose. Be faithful and diligent and you shall accomplish that whereunto you are sent, establishing a strong position and benefiting the house of Israel. And you shall have the Holy Spirit resting upon you, and rejoice in seeing the fruits of your work. And you shall have influence over and among the Lamanites, that they may see you are a servant of the Lord our God. All this you shall inherit, and be able to follow the counsels of those who are set over you, and receive all the blessings of the faithful. Your life shall be preserved; and you shall have the light and comfort of the Holy Spirit; and you shall be satisfied in seeing what the Lord has accomplished by you. These blessings we seal upon you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

May the fifteenth, 1856, the company which left Fort Limhi in December and went to Utah for supplies, returned to the fort. They brought a liberal supply of provisions, useful articles for persons at the Fort which had been sent from friends and relatives, and the mail, which contained newsy letters for everybody there. Besides those who went away in December, all of whom returned, the following were with the company:

Alexander Hill	Henry A. Cleveland
John Preece	Thomas Bingham
Sylvanus Collet	William Shaw
Thomas Abbott	John Murdock
Wal McIntire	Paidon Webb
William Perkins	Thomas Carlos
Thomas Day	James Walker
Clifton S. Browning	R. B. Margetts
Joseph Harker	Henry Nebeker
Jacob Miller	William B. Lake
George McBride	Nathron C. Hadlock

Not one of the above is now living. They were under the command of Joseph Parry. Another addition to the colony was made early in the same summer by the arrival of M. D. Hammond, H. V. Shurtliff, E. Robinson and Owen Dix, who brought the mail from Utah.

In the spring of 1856 the company put in a large crop of peas, potatoes, garden vegetables generally, and a large field of wheat. It all came up and grew splendidly giving promise of an abundant harvest. But grasshoppers hatched out in countless millions all through the country and ate every vestige of the crops. It was certainly discouraging to witness the devastation. Before the insects came, everything was beautiful and promising, but after, all was barren and desolate. So it was necessary to resort to Utah once more for supplies. In the same spring they made a small canal, taking the water out of Limhi Creek "above the road" and conducting it along past the east wall of the fort and to the land beyond and on the North. The summer before this the company had made a small ditch by plowing a furrow, but now they made a real canal with laterals branching out in the land. This was the first real irrigation system constructed in Idaho, Oregon or Washington. Lewis W. Shurtliff took a prominent part in the building of this canal.

"A PERILOUS JOURNEY TO UTAH"

In the month of August, Lewis W. Shurtliff and Nathaniel Leavitt were selected to carry the mail to Utah. They set out, each with a saddle horse and two pack horses loaded with provisions, camping utensils and the mail. Lewis had a fairly good horse to ride, but Mr. Leavitt had a large clumsy mare mule. When they got over the Salmon River Divide and were going down Birch Creek, they discovered that there were Indians in the country. This was evident from the fact that beacon lights could be seen at night as signals of one band of Indians to another. The two horsemen were well armed and they kept a close and constant watch. When they got down to where they were about to leave Birch Creek, the Indians tried to stampede their horses, but the men kept the horses "lariated" or staked out in the grass with long ropes so they could not get away. The Indians were therefore unsuccessful in their attempted horse theft. The two men kept the regular trail for Utah until they got to the place opposite where the city of Blackfoot now stands. At this place some friendly Indians came to them and told them that the Indians down the West side of the river were on the war path. These warring Indians had been engaged in some

wartare with other tribes, and were now indulging in war dances. They were in a very dangerous mood, and the two men were advised by their Indian friends that it would surely mean torture and death to them to go down that side of the river. So they prepared to cross right there and go down the East side. They took off their outer clothing so as to be free in case they had to swim. The mail with the guns and ammunition was fixed in the most secure place on the packs, and their government overcoats, buckskin shirts and trousers were made as secure as possible. They had never crossed the river in that place, nor had they ever seen anybody cross it. The water was high and the current swift. They would have to get out on the other side before the current could wash them down to a certain point, otherwise they would strike high banks where they never could get out. Just how much they could ford and how much they would have to swim neither of them knew. It looked dangerous, but they concluded that their best chance for life was in crossing the river. So they went up the stream as far as they thought necessary in order to gain the other side in safety, and ventured in. They forded for some distance, but soon got into such deep water that the horses had to swim, and not being able to make it very well against the stream, the men, according to the instructions of Lewis Shurtliff, leaped into the water below their horses, and while swimming with one arm kept the other pounding at their horses necks to keep them from going too far down the stream. The experience was indeed perilous, but they finally reached the opposite bank in safety, and by a very narrow margin escaped the dangerous high banks. But they were very thankful to get across in safety. Everything they had was soaked up with water but the mail and ammunition—all their food, clothing and bedding, so they went upon the sunny dry land where the business center of Blackfoot now is, and in the hot August sun spent the rest of the day in "drying out." They did not make any fire because to do so would betray them to the Indians. When the two travelers got their things pretty well dried out, they 'packed up' and went down the river until they came nearly to Ross' Butte. Here they struck the trail again. It was getting late so they found an inconspicuous place and made a 'dark camp.' The hostile Indians were just across the river from them, and were indulging in their whoops and war dances. That night there was no sleep for them; they were on constant watch with their fire arms ready.

Early the next day they got to Fort Hall, and rode up to the home of Old Captain Grant. The Captain was greatly surprised to see them and spent the first few minutes in the most awful

kind of swearing. He was not expressing his anger, however, but merely giving the boys a friendly welcome. "Where in the name of.....did you come from? How in.....did you get here?" were the first intelligible words he spoke. He called a man and ordered him to take good care of the horses, took the two men in his house and ordered his squaw to get them something "good" to eat. These orders were carried out as precisely and carefully as if they had been given by a king. "Boys," he said, "it's dangerous times; the Indians are bad; you'll be lucky if you get through."

They stayed all night at Fort Hall, and leaving early the next morning pursued their journey toward Utah. They went across the country to Bannock Creek and up on a little flat near where the creek empties into the Portneuf River, they stopped for noon. About two o'clock in the afternoon they discerned that five Indians were watching them from a point on the hill to the south. It was clear too, from the actions of the savages that they were after these travelers. As soon as the five Indians found out which way the men were going, and that their journey would be along the road up Bannock Creek, they hurried ahead to a place known as "Point of Rocks," where the cedars came down close to the road on the east side, and which made excellent lurking shelter for murderous Indians. In fact they had tried this place for entrapping white travelers before, and later killed Bailey Lake there. Two of these five Indians were on horses and the others afoot. They separated so that part of them lay in wait on each side of the road at "Point of Rocks" waiting for the two white men.

The two men had seen enough of what was going on, and understood Indian warfare sufficiently to know the purposes of these five Indians, so they got ready for the worst. Brother Leavitt was very nervous over the situation but Brother Shurtliff advised that they keep calm and if they were forced to fight to do so with all the effect possible. They soon came near the point of rocks and saw that the Indians had out their beacon lights, evidently to signal more help in the capture of the two men. The perilous moment was upon them. They were at the gateway where the Indians lay in wait. They decided that they would go right past the point as if there were nothing at all wrong, keeping their firearms ready in case of necessity. The facts are that here at this point was a very favorite camping place. Travelers usually stopped here for the night. The Indians knew this, and expected that the two men they were watching would do the same thing, as night was approaching.

The five Indians would simply lurk about until their beacon lights brought more help, then they would watch their chance to take advantage of the two men. But the two men passed by apparently as unconcerned as if they were not aware of a single enemy in all the world.

This disappointed the lurking Indians and they decided to follow. As soon as they were well past the point, the men hurried on until darkness overtook them and they came to a broad open plain or meadow. They turned aside into this meadow, left the road nearly half a mile and made a dark camp. It was not long before they heard the footsteps of horses going past them and up that road. They were then certain that the Indians were following them. But they were foiled and the men were safe.

The next morning at day break they packed up, saddled their horses and went on. They saw nothing more of the Indians who were laying for them, and felt pretty good to think that they had passed the danger point. As they went on they discovered for a certainty that the Indians had been hunting them.

They got to Sublett's cut-off that day, and expected to find a good many white people there, but they were disappointed. On account of Indian hostilities everybody had left the "Cut-off" but the blacksmith. He was the sole representative of the place. He was surprised to see the boys and said they were very lucky to get through. Their next stop on the way home was at Malad. Here they found the first houses since they left Fort Limhi. They stayed all night at Laconius Barnard's. Everyone there wondered at their getting through that long stretch of country filled with hostile Indians. Mr. Barnard said that the success of the trip was due to the courage of Lewis Shurtliff, "as," said he, "the more dangerous it is, the better he likes it." From here it was simply a matter of two days until the boys were in Ogden. They had been ten days on the trip.

Lewis found his folks at Bingham's Fort, and all well. Nearly everyone in the County was moving into Ogden. All the little forts around were vieing with each other in growth, each ambitious to become the central city. President Brigham Young, looking into the situation, advised all to move into Ogden. "Here," he said, "a large city will be built up, and railroads will make it a city of importance." This seemed then to be a very extravagant statement, but his wisdom and foresight have since been verified.

“ANOTHER WINTER AT FORT LIMHI”

It has been noted already that the Salmon River crops failed utterly in 1856 on account of grasshoppers. This made it necessary to resort to Utah again for provisions. The supplies did not last as long as the colonists thought they would, so they were really short before they expected. The Indians begged from them considerably, and they necessarily had to give some things away to keep peace. So, in the latter part of August, 1856, nearly a month after Lewis Shurtliff and John Leavitt left there, a large number of the company returned to Utah for provisions and to carry the mail. This company arrived in Ogden in September and made immediate preparations to return to the mission. It was with this company that Lewis W. Shurtliff returned to Salmon River. Some of the men took their families. Francillo Durfee took his wife and three children; David Moore, his wife and daughter; C. M. McGeary, his wife; I. J. Clark, his wife and three children.

On the nineteenth of October, 1856, this company left Ogden for Salmon River. As we are dealing primarily with the life of Lewis W. Shurtliff, it is important to note the presence of a certain young lady in the company. This was Miss Louisa Moore, adopted daughter of Colonel David Moore. The day of the beginning of this journey the two young people saw each other for the first time. When Lewis first saw her, he made the declaration to some of his companions at Bingham's Fort, that she would some day be his wife. She perhaps did not go so far as to make a declaration, but her attention went out to him, and it seems that right here “Two hearts found each other.” “Two hearts beat as one.” We shall find that the declaration was fulfilled, following a sweet romance which covered the next year and a half.

There were a few things which happened during this journey to mar its progress. The first was the loss of some of their stock, which happened at Brigham City. This detained them a day or two. Next, Lewis got very sick. It was thought that the company would have to leave him at Malad, but due to the tender nursing and care of Mrs. Moore he recovered and went on the journey. A third piece of ill luck was the breaking down of David Moore's wagon, which happened in the tops of the Bannock Mountains. One of the wheels completely fell to pieces. Lewis and four others went five miles to get some good tough pine timber to fill the wheel. This took a couple of days time, but the job was finally finished and they traveled on. Although

late in the Fall, there was really nothing disagreeable about the journey until they reached the Salmon River Divide. Here the snow was a foot deep and the weather bitter cold. At their first camp over the divide, the wolves attacked their stock and killed one cow. As they descended into the Salmon River valley, the snow all disappeared and the weather became delightful. Before leaving the higher mountains, Lewis first saw an Indian grave in a tree. An Indian had been deposited there as a burying place. It was a peculiar sight to him at first, but he afterwards saw many. They reached Fort Limhi on the nineteenth of November, 1856, welcomed in all gladness by the people at the fort.

The Fall and Winter of 1856-1857 was spent in learning the language and teaching the Indians. They held religious services often and regularly, and many Indians attended. George W. Hill, the regular interpreter, was in Salt Lake City, and as Lewis Shurtliff and Amos Wright had acquired the use of the Indian language more than any others, President Thomas S. Smith called on these two almost entirely to talk to the Indians. They did very much of this during the Winter. Hundreds of Indians came to the church service and large numbers of them accepted the teachings of the Latter-day Saints, and were baptized and confirmed members of the church. The Indians lived in their wigwams in the brush along the creeks close by the colonizers and were indeed very friendly.

The monotony of the long winters was broken occasionally by hunting trips into the mountains. These trips were sources of pleasure and profit. Lewis and others as well enjoyed the sport, and their hunts resulted in the provision of meat and valuable skins and furs for the people in the fort.

But what about Miss Louisa Moore? And what of that declaration which Lewis made when he first saw her? Needless to say, they enjoyed each other's company on the trip to Salmon River in the fall and also at Fort Limhi after their arrival. It is too mild to say they enjoyed each other's company. The anticipation of meeting occasionally after the busy days were over made life pass by happily. They sought each other's company. They strolled together. They sat beside each other in the beautiful autumn evenings. They told each other secrets, confided in and sympathized with each other, and preferred the company of each other to that of anyone else. He thought she was the most beautiful and accomplished of young women of her time and chance. She thought him to be the most courageous, stately and thoughtful of young men. They were really not extravagant

in their estimates either. And what is the meaning of all this, if not that they had fallen desperately in love, each with the other?

We have said that Miss Louisa Moore was an adopted daughter of Colonel and Mrs. David Moore. Her name was Smith before her adoption. Her parents both died during the hardships of the church at Nauvoo, and as the Moore's had no children they gladly adopted Miss Louisa. She was a beautiful girl—well developed and matured at sixteen, fair complexion, well proportioned features, dark eyes, and long heavy wavy brown hair. Her disposition was winning and her accomplishments, for such times, complete. She had been trained by Mrs. Moore, and this was a guarantee of her good training.

Late in the same Fall that Miss Moore went to Salmon River, she returned to Utah to pursue her educational training; so the young pair was not long together. It was a matter of keenest regret to both of them, and especially to Lewis, that he said something to her before she left at which she took offense, though no offense was intended by him. There followed the lovers' quarrel and period of estrangement. It was a period of bitterness for the young lovers, but after another year when all misunderstandings were cleared away, this little bitterness tended only to make the romance sweeter.

The Fall and Winter drifted on without bringing anything unusual to pass. Brother Shurtliff used his time in profitable study after the Winter became severe outside. The New Year of 1857 dawned upon them and found all well. Lewis was installed chief cook, a position which gave him much experience and took much of his time.

"BY PACK-HORSE TO UTAH"

On the twenty-second day of January, 1857, Lewis Shurtliff, in company with President Thomas S. Smith, P. G. Taylor and Laconeus Barnard, started for Utah. Their object was to carry mail and arrange for more supplies. After being away from home and friends for a while, people became anxious to receive news from their dear ones, and the only way to get mail was to send to Utah and have some one bring it out. The four men had two horses each. Part of the horses were used as saddle-horses, and the others were packed with bedding and supplies. When they left Fort Limhi the weather was fine and there was very little snow. Had it not been for this they would perhaps

never have started. When they reached the Salmon River divide the snow was so deep that it was almost impossible to get over the high mountains. To add to this difficulty a dense fog settled upon them. This threw them out of their chosen course, and some became discouraged and wanted to return. But the journey was pursued.

In making a winter journey of this kind it was impossible of course to take along any feed for horses. So the travelers followed such territory as abounded in bare ridges from which snow had been blown. These ridges were usually covered with dried grass which served as food for the horses.

In time the company reached Mud Lake which will always be remembered by those who were present and especially on this trip. Brother Shurtliff rode a wild horse which plunged and bucked furiously and threw him off. The excitement caused much merriment to the onlookers. The snow was very deep and headway was difficult. The whole company became somewhat discouraged, but decided to go on even if they had to live on horse flesh. They crossed Snake River on the ice, and continued their journey southward without interruption. The weather cleared up and their journey became easier and more pleasant.

When they reached the divide over the Bannock Mountains their difficulties again increased. The snow was very deep and was so crusted that it would almost, but not quite, hold up the horses. The legs of the animals were so cut by the crusted snow that they left their tracks in blood all along the trail. They reached the Barnard Ranch in Malad Valley on the ninth of February, having been nineteen days on the road. They were now in safety and began to get news from home, one item of which contained an account of the death of Jedediah M. Grant.

They got to Call's Fort on the tenth and though very tired, cold and hungry, were refused entertainment. Such an instance of inhospitality was almost unheard of, and none of them ever forgot it. That night they had to go four miles further, when they came to the home of John Gibbs, who had lived in Bingham's Fort as a neighbor to them. Brother Gibbs gave them a hearty welcome. Their horses were given the best that the barnyard afforded and the men were given a bounteous hot supper. This was the first good home-cooked meal the men had had since they left Fort Limhi twenty days before and being very hungry they ate heartily.

The next day they reached home. Lewis found his folks all well and glad to see him. It was a happy meeting for himself as well.

Very naturally he was anxious to see Miss Moore. True, there was an estrangement between them. It had been months since they saw, or even heard from each other. She may be receiving attention from someone else for aught he knew. There was uncertainty that she would even see him. It was certain, however, that he wanted to see her and was anxious to renew the ties which once existed between them. So he had not been home very long when he went to the home of Colonel Moore for the express purpose of seeing Miss Louisa. And he saw her. But their meeting was formal and void of any attempt to renew old acquaintance. He saw her several times while he was at home, and before his return to Salmon River, but she treated him very ordinarily and there was no tendency toward their becoming sweethearts again.

"PRESIDENT YOUNG VISITS FORT LEMHI"

On the twenty-fifth of April, 1857, Lewis Shurtliff started again for Salmon River, after having been home about six weeks. The company with which he traveled was honored with the presence of President Brigham Young and other authorities of the Church. This was known as the Brigham Young Company. Lewis rode a horse as rear guard. When the company reached the divide at the head of the Malad Valley President Young offered up one of the mightiest and most soul inspiring prayers ever heard. It seemed to cause the very earth to shake. In his characteristic way, he called everybody together round the camp-fire before retiring in the evening. After singing a familiar hymn and hearing a few words of counsel, the people all desired that President Young offer the prayer. In the midst of his humble followers, and borne up by their great loyalty and faith, he offered the mighty prayer which so deeply impressed all that it was never forgotten.

Nothing interrupted their journey until they got to the crossing of Snake River near Ross's Butte. The water was high and they used a ferry to cross. Some of the men got to daring and racing, and as a result nearly lost a woman in the river. President Young very promptly told them to tie up the boats until their heads got settled. The request was just as promptly complied with. After a little while the work of crossing was resumed and soon the whole company, with their belongings, was over the rushing mighty torrent.

At this point President Thomas S. Smith suggested that Lewis Shurtliff and P. G. Taylor ride ahead and take the news

of President Young's coming to Fort Limhi, so that some preparation could be made at the Fort for receiving him, and so the road in the Narrows near Fort Limhi could be repaired. President Young gave his consent for the boys to go and sent them ahead after pronouncing a blessing upon their heads, and promising them that they would reach the Fort in safety. The two boys started out and rode almost night and day. They traveled two hundred miles in three days.

The news of President Young's coming was hailed with delight at the Fort, and nothing was spared in getting ready for the occasion. The road in the Narrows was repaired and everything about the Fort made pleasant and inviting. On the eighth of May, the company arrived. President Young and his party remained at Fort Limhi but five days. During that time the saints received many words of encouragement from the President and his party, and many hundreds of Indians came to see the "Big Chief." While President Young wished to encourage the colony at Fort Limhi as much as he could and while he wished for their success, he gave it as his opinion that they had gone too far, and might better have stopped in the Snake River Valley. He and his party left for Salt Lake City on the thirteenth of May.

"A PLEASANT SUMMER, A BOUNTEOUS HARVEST, AND A HAPPY MARRIAGE"

The Summer of 1857 at Fort Limhi passed by in an ordinary way, without bringing to pass anything of interest. One exception to this may be noted. Lewis W. Shurtliff and a few others from the Fort formed an exploring party which traveled over five hundred miles into the mountains Northward. They explored the Bitter Root Valley, the Deer Lodge and other Montana Valleys, went over the territory where now stand the cities of Helena and Butte, traveled over the country which the Flat Head and Big Salmon Forest reserves now cover, and followed the Lewis and Clark trail for a considerable distance. While the exploration did not result in any particular profit it was a source of great pleasure to Lewis W. Shurtliff. To explore the wilds was one of his greatest delights. When this trip was made there were no white people in that whole country. The only human beings to be seen were the Indians and an occasional trapper or mountaineer.

The Summer passed on and harvest time was ushered in. The company raised over two thousand bushels of wheat. Harvest-

ing occupied much time since it all had to be done by hand. They used the cradle to cut the grain, which they bound in sheaves by hand. It was hauled, stacked and protected from storms as much as possible, and was thrashed out with horses and the flail and separated by a fanning mill. Remembering that their crops had twice failed before, the people at Fort Limhi were about as proud as any one could be when they realized such a bounteous harvest of the golden grain. They also raised a good supply of many kinds of vegetables.

On the twenty-second of October, 1857, Thomas S. Smith and Milton Hammond came in from Salt Lake City. They brought news of a company coming in from Utah, which, according to the promise of President Young, was sent to strengthen the colony.

Their names were:

John S. Dalton	Orson Ross
James Wilcox	Andrew Quigley
Jane Hadlock	William Perry and wife
Oliver Robinson	William Taylor
James Miller	Levi Taylor
Charles F. Middleton	James Allred
Henry Smith and wife	Martin H. Harris
Jesse Smith and Wife	Jonathan Bowen and wife
William Smith and wife	Joseph Bowen
Frederick A. Miller	Stephen Green and wife
Reuben Cottle	Henry Harman and wife
Fountain Welsch	James McBride

This company arrived on the twenty-seventh of October 1857.

There was one more whose name has not yet been mentioned. This name deserves special mention because it interests particularly the young man whose life is under consideration. When Thomas S. Smith and Milton Hammond were naming the persons who were expected to arrive within a few days, Lewis Shurtliff stood in a retired corner of the house listening with great anxiety. At length President Smith said "Where is Lewis? I have news for him. Miss Moore is coming in this company." That was happy news for Brother Shurtliff. About the day that the company was to arrive, he saddled his horse and rode out to meet them. The meeting was a happy one to him and also to Miss Moore. After an estrangement of a year, their meeting in the place of their first acquaintance and courtship

was all that was necessary to cause them to forget all the differences which had caused estrangement, and bring back the love-ties of a year before. Within a month after her arrival at Fort Lemhi the two were engaged to wed and the consent of her parents secured.

The next event of interest and importance in the life of Brother Shurtliff, and in the history of the Salmon River Mission was the attempted journey to Utah of President Thomas S. Smith and Lewis W. Shurtliff. They left Fort Limhi on the twenty-seventh of November, 1857, and had a perilous journey as far as Snake River, but were compelled to return. When they left Fort Limhi there was very little snow on the ground, but as they approached the divide the snow was deeper. There was so much snow in the Snake River Valley that headway was almost impossible. They went on even against their better judgment because they did not like the idea of giving up. They got as far as "Steamboat Rock" on the Snake River, and being very much discouraged with the outlook, they decided to cast lots to decide whether they would continue or return. The lots fell in favor of returning, so they turned backward. They nearly perished while they were at Snake River and their horses nearly starved. The men were so numb that they could not make a fire.

Their return journey was attended by some difficulties also. When they reached Birch Creek the Indians planned an attack on them and tried to steal their horses. It was only by the quick use of their fire-arms that they saved themselves from probable murder. One morning their horses disappeared and the two men had to separate—a very dangerous thing to do when they knew that the Indians were watching for a chance to attack them.

Thomas S. Smith stayed with the camp when Brother Shurtliff went about seven miles in pursuit of the horses which he found and brought back. On one occasion a band of Indians surrounded them and demanded their ammunition. They were told that they would not get any ammunition save through the ends of their rifles. The Indians circled them in their characteristic warlike fashion and made quite a demonstration but it did no good. The two travelers went on towards Fort Limhi, and after an extremely cold and dangerous journey reached the Fort in safety.

On the fourth of January, 1858, Lewis W. Shurtliff was married to Miss Louisa Catherine Smith Moore, at Fort Limhi, Oregon Territory, 7:00 o'clock P. M., President Smith officiating.

"FORT LIMHI DESERTED"

The Winter passed on with considerable pleasure and with some troubles. The Indians, that is some unfriendly ones, began to give the people at the Fort considerable trouble. Some of them stole an ox, killed it for beef and made away with it. Brother Shurtliff and a few others followed them. After a chase of over one hundred miles, through the roughest country they ever saw, they caught the Indians and took a horse from them to pay for the ox.

On the ninth of February, 1858, an unfriendly Indian stole President Smith's favorite horse. Lewis Shurtliff and a few others set out on the trail of the Indian, and soon found that the thief had tried to cover up his tracks by taking circuitous routes and crossing streams, but they followed him for several days, going far North and over very rough country. The weather was so severe that some of them got their ears and feet frozen and all had to go on short rations. They finally located the Indian and got the horse. The Indian said he would make trouble for them which afterward proved to be true. On their return with the horse, a band of Indians followed them but could not overtake them. When they reached Fort Limhi they were hungry, tired and cold, but they were soon made comfortable by kind hands.

A few weeks passed by and the unfriendly Indians were gathering. By the twenty-third of February there were more than two hundred of them near the fort and no doubt ready for trouble. On this day Lewis Shurtliff and P. G. Taylor went into the timber after puncheons, and while they were gone the Indians made an attack on the herd of stock belonging to the people in the Fort. They killed two men, wounded five more and drove off the stock, leaving the Saints in a deplorable condition. Those killed were George McBride and James Miller. Those wounded were Thomas S. Smith, H. L. Shurtliff, Andrew Quigley, James Welch and Oliver Robinson. These men had all been out in defense of their herds.

The Indians planned to decoy the people out of the fort. When the hostilities were well started a few came up and made a rush toward the fort. They hoped that the people would rush out to attack them or make their escape. This is perhaps what would have happened had it not been for the presence of mind and the stern command of Colonel Moore to "Shut that gate" to which he saw people making a rush. Except those dead and wounded all were now in the fort and they were apparently safe, even though there were five hundred or more hostile Indians outside. The men in the fort busied themselves in making the

fort a safer place of refuge. They all kept watch at night, worked in the day time, building bastions and making other preparations to defend themselves.

Lewis Shurtliff and fourteen others volunteered to go out in search of the dead and wounded. This was a great risk as they knew that the Indians intended killing them if they could. The fifteen men recovered all the dead and wounded but James Miller. They found George McBride dead and scalped. Next day Brother Shurtliff and eleven others were called to go down the river in search of James Miller. This was a dangerous task and was undertaken with great caution. The men were successful in finding the dead man who was brought back to the fort. The two heroes were buried in one grave.

President Smith called a meeting of all the men to consider what should be done. It was decided to send two good men to Salt Lake City to inform President Brigham Young as to what had happened and ask for help. That night at nine o'clock Ezra Barnard and Baldwin Watts set out on good horses and with the fervent prayers of the saints in their behalf. The Indians apparently did not see anything of them, but they made several attempts to take the people at the fort unawares. In this they did not succeed.

All were anxiously waiting for help from Utah. On the eleventh of March ten of the boys from Salt Lake came in, and on the twenty-third Captain Cunningham arrived with eighty men. This marked the end of a long and heavy suspense on the part of the people at the Fort.

Everybody was getting ready for returning to Utah. All surplus wheat, nearly two thousand bushels were cached. President Young had sent enough relief to bring them all home. On the twenty-eighth of March, 1858, the whole company left Fort Lemhi. Ten men were sent ahead as a vanguard. The Indians followed them in a sulking, sneaking way for two hundred miles and succeeded in getting one victim. They killed, stripped and scalped Bailey Lake at that dangerous point of rocks on Ban-nock Creek. Aside from this the people made their journey to Utah in safety. They arrived in Ogden on April 11, 1858, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Thus ended the first mission to colonize the great northwest, to establish new homes, to till the soil and introduce irrigation and endeavor to civilize and christianize the natives. They had spent three and one-half years in incessant labor, and thrilling adventures, and had made many sacrifices. Three of the colonists were killed, five were wounded, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in time, expense, horses, cattle, and other property were lost. How shall it ever be repaid?

REMINISCENCES OF INDIAN HABITS
AND CHARACTER*

The Soshonees, or Root-diggers, appeared in great numbers at the common rendezvous, where the deputations from all the tribes assembled every year, to exchange the products of their rude industry. They inhabit the southern part of the Oregon, in the vicinity of California. Their population, consisting of about ten thousand souls, is divided into several parties, scattered up and down in the most uncultivated quarter of the West. They are called Snakes, because in their indigence they are reduced, like such reptiles, to burrow in the earth and live upon roots. They would have no other food if some hunting parties did not occasionally pass beyond the mountains in pursuit of the buffalo, while a part of the tribe proceeds along the banks of the Salmon River, to make provision for the winter, at the season when the fish come up from the sea. Three hundred of their warriors wished, in honor of the whites, to go through a sort of military parade: they were hideously painted, armed with their clubs, and covered over with feathers, pearls, wolves' tails, the teeth and claws of animals and similar strange ornaments, with which each of them had decked himself, according to his caprice. Such as had received wounds in battle, or slain the enemies of their tribe, showed ostentatiously their scars, and had floating, in the form of a standard, the scalps which they won from the conquered. After having rushed in good order, and at full gallop, upon our camp, as if to take it by assault, they went several times round it, uttering at intervals cries of joy. They at length dismounted, and came and gave their hands to all the whites in token of union and friendship.

Whilst I was at the rendezvous, the Snakes were preparing for an expedition against the Black-Foots. When a chief is about to wage war, he announces his intention to his young warriors in the following manner. On the evening before his departure, he makes his farewell dance before each cabin; and everywhere receives tobacco, or some other present. His friends wish him great success, scalps, horses, and a speedy return. If he brings back women as prisoners, he delivers them as a prey to the wives, mothers, and sisters of his soldiers, who kill them with the

*Pages 34-40. Letters and Sketches: With a Narrative of a Year's Residence Among the Indian Tribes of the Rocky Mountains. By P. J. De Smet, S. J. Philadelphia, 1843. Letter dated February 7, 1841.

hatchet or knife, after having vented against their unhappy captives the most outrageous insults: "Why are we unable," howl these furies, "to devour the heart of thy children, and bathe in the blood of thy nation!"

At the death of a chief, or other warrior, renowned for his bravery, his wives, children, and relatives cut off their hair; this is a great mourning with the savages. The loss of a parent would seem but little felt, if it only caused his family to shed tears; it must be deplored with blood; and the deeper the incisions, the more sincere is the affection for the deceased. "An overwhelming sorrow," they say, "cannot be vented unless through large wounds." I know not how to reconcile these sentiments respecting the dead with their conduct towards the living. Would you believe that these men, so inconsolable in their mourning, abandon, without pity, to the ferocious beasts of the desert, the old men, the sick, and all those whose existence would be a burden to them?

The funeral of a Snake warrior is always performed by the destruction of whatever he possessed; nothing, it seems, should survive him but the recollection of his exploits. After piling up in his hut all the articles he made use of, they cut away the props of the cabin, and set the whole on fire. The Youts, who form a separate people, although they belong to the tribe of the Soshonees, throw the body of the deceased upon the funeral pile, together with a hecatomb of his best horses. The moment that the smoke rises in thick clouds, they think that the soul of the savage is flying towards the region of spirits, borne by the manes of his faithful coursers; and, in order to quicken their flight, they, all together, raise up frightful yells. But in general, instead of burning the body, they fasten it upon his favorite charger as on a day of battle; the animal is then led to the edge of a neighboring river the warriors are drawn up in a semi-circular form in order to prevent his escape; and then with a shower of arrows and a universal hurrah, they force him to plunge into the current which is to engulf him. They next, with redoubled shouts, recommend him to transport his master without delay to the land of spirits.

The Sampeetches are the next neighbors of the Snakes. There is not, perhaps, in the whole world, a people in a deeper state of wretchedness and corruption; the French commonly designated them "the people deserving of pity," and this appellation is most appropriate. Their lands are uncultivated heaths; their habitations are holes in the rocks, or the natural crevices of the ground, and their only arms, arrows and sharp-pointed sticks. Two, three, or at most four of them may be seen in company,

roving over their sterile plains in quest of ants and grasshoppers, on which they feed. When they find some insipid root, or a few nauseous seeds, they make, as they imagine, a delicious repast. They are so timid, that it is difficult to get near them; the appearance of a stranger alarms them; and conventional signs quickly spread the news amongst them. Every one, thereupon, hides himself in a hole; and in an instant this miserable people disappear and vanish like a shadow. Sometimes, however, they venture out of their hiding places, and offer their newly born infants to the whites in exchange for some trifling articles.

I have had the consolation of baptizing some of these unfortunate beings, who have related to me the sad circumstances which I have just mentioned. It would be easy to find guides among these new converts, and be introduced by them to their fellow countrymen, to announce to them the Gospel, and thus to render their condition, if not happy, at least supportable through the hope of a better futurity. If God allows me to return to the Rocky Mountains, and my superiors approve of it, I shall feel happy to devote myself to the instruction of these pitiable people.

The country of the Utaws is situated to the east and southeast of the Soshonees, at the sources of the Rio Colorado. The population consists of about 4,000 souls. Mildness, affability, simplicity of manners, hospitality toward strangers, constant union amongst themselves, form the happy traits in their character. They subsist by hunting and fishing, and on fruits and roots; the climate is warm, and the land very fit for cultivation.

I shall join to this account a brief exposition of the belief of the savages. Their religious tenets are composed of a few primitive truths and of gross errors; they believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the source of every good, and consequently that he alone is adorable; they believe that he created whatever exists, and that his providence over-rules the principal vents of life, and that the calamities which befall the human race are chastisements inflicted by his justice on our perversity. They suppose, that with this, their God, whom they call the Great Spirit, there exists an evil genius, who so far abuses his power as to oppress the innocent with calamities. They also believe in a future life, where every one shall be treated according to his works; that the happiness reserved for the virtuous will consist in the enjoyment of such goods as they most anxiously desired upon earth; and that the wicked shall be punished by suffering, without consolation, the torments invented by the spirit of evil. According to their opinion, the soul, upon its entry into the other world, resumes the form which our bodies have had in the present life.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MAY (Communicated)

Captain William May, a well known mountaineer and trapper, and chief guide to Colonel Steptoe's command, died in the military hospital of Salt Lake City, on the 28th of February.

Captain May was originally from Nashville, Tennessee, but at an early age he sought the great west, and adopted the profession of a beaver trapper. For twenty-five years he roamed over the country bordering on the head waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone, among the Gros-ventres, Minneta-rees, Black-feet, Crows and Sioux, and there is scarcely a stream that pours its waters into the Missouri from the Rocky Mountains, in which his traps have not been.

On the decline of the fur trade, he located himself on the Platte, occasionally visiting the settlements in the Spanish country, or starting out to the mountains with his traps and a few pack mules, when his funds got low, only to return again, and, with the reckless disposition of the true mountaineer, spend his hard earnings in wild frolic among his friends.

As a trapper, Captain May had no superior and but few equals, either in hunting beaver or in the preparation of the skins. He was the companion of Williams, and Walker, and Cimoneau, and Bridger, and Leroux, and Chatillon, and Carson, and a host of others, whose names, (perhaps not deservedly), are better known than his. The amount of information he possessed respecting the vast territory of Nebraska, the marvellous adventures of his romantic life, and the Indian tales and legends of which he was a perfect repository, made him a most amusing and agreeable companion, while his manly qualities, his honest principles, and his kind and generous impulses, drew around him a circle of warm and admiring friends.

A few days before his death, Captain May was making preparations to start for the Navajo country on a trading expedition, but he was suddenly attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which rapidly brought to a close his varied adventurous career. Before he breathed his last, he expressed a regret that he was not permitted to die on the prairie, where his life had been mainly spent. His age was generally understood to be about sixty years.

He has now gone to the spirit land, that, with Indian faith, he firmly believed in; and we may hope that in those happy hunting grounds, the old trapper is at last free from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

NAMING SILVER REEF

By Mark A. Pendleton

When William Tecumseh Barbee, in the spring of 1876 announced to the public through the Salt Lake Tribune, that he had discovered rich silver ore in a sandstone reef that he called Tecumseh Hill, he caused a great rush to Southern Utah.

Pioche, Nevada, now on the decline owing to litigation between rival mining companies, received the news with wild enthusiasm. Over the road through Diamond Valley, Utah, dashed carriages and buckboards drawn by fast horses, heavy wagons lumbered along drawn by mules; drawn by nondescript horses, ancient carts and carriages piled high with bedding and supplies, went their uncertain way wheels winding in and out; burros trudged along almost hidden by various supplies. Many men were afoot, some carrying rolls of bedding on their backs. Other treasure seekers came by way of Ash Creek Canyon.

Busy days followed for the recorder of Harrisburg mining district, for the country for miles around was "staked out." Most of the claims, however, were worthless.

Judge Barbee had erected some buildings on a flat east of his famous Tecumseh claim and had named the camp "Bonanza City, the metropolis to be of Southern Utah." But the name was fated to be supplanted by a name that was new and descriptive, and that appealed to the imagination. And the greater part of the camp was to be built not on Bonanza Flat, but on the ridge to the north.

Hyman Jacobs of the firm of the Jacobs & Sultan was the first Pioche merchant to arrive on the scene of the new eldorado. It was his shrewd eye that saw that the boulder strewn ridge to the north was the central location for a townsite. Observing the geological formation of the country, Hyman Jacobs had a happy thought. To the south were the Buckeye and Middle reef, to the right the White reef, to the left the East reef. All these sandstone reefs contained silver ores. Silver Reef proposed by Mr. Jacobs was chosen as the name of the West's newest mining camp, a name that added not a little romance to the world's most unique eldorado.

Returning to Pioche, Hyman Jacobs had his merchandise boxed, his store building taken down in sections, and all freighted to the new camp. On the ridge (in derision called the rock-pile by the backers of Bonanza Flat) a store, well stocked choice merchandise, appeared as if by magic. John H. Cassidy, in a shack near by opened a saloon, and another enterprising Piocher was serving "hash" at all hours. The building boom was on. The "camp" on the ridge and the "camp" on the flat grew toward each other and became one—Silver Reef.

Hyman Jacobs negotiated the sale of the Leeds claim to Charles Hoffman. The price paid was \$40,000. He also purchased for Hoffman the Maggie mill at Bullionville, Nevada. This mill, both machinery and building, was moved to Silver Reef and was the first mill to treat sandstone ores. The company organized by Nevada and California capitalists was called the Leeds Mining and Milling Company. Garry Williams, a mining engineer and metallurgist was employed as general superintendent.

(From Silver Reef, Williams in the employ of Cecil Rhodes, went to South Africa where he made an enviable reputation in the diamond fields.)

Charles Hoffman always wanted the best and was generous when it came to prices. He would say to his friend Hyman Jacobs: "Raise the price of powder and fuse; mark up the price of candles two dollars a box. You may need the money. The Leeds Company is producing big." When cord wood was offered at \$5.00 per cord he said, "That is too cheap. I am willing to pay \$8.00 but I want the best."

A Salt Lake mining man who went to Silver Reef when the camp was young, recently said that there were men at Pioche, Nevada, who knew that there was silver in sandstone in Southern Utah before Judge Barbee announced that he had located the Tecumseh. How they obtained the information has been in doubt. The following interesting letter which contains valuable information about the part Nevadans and Californians played in the development of Silver Reef, seems to explain the mystery.

M. A. P.

San Francisco, California,
751 Market Street,
August 21, 1931.

My memory is rather hazy through the long lapse of years, yet my sub-conscious mind recalls many events that first put Silver Reef on the map, and I believe that none are entitled to more credit in this regard than my father, Hyman Jacobs, and his partner Louis Sultan. As if in a dream, when Pioche was the wildest and wooliest mining camp in the west, I recall that a Mr. Shepard, a large and florid man with snowy white whiskers that came almost to his waist, with a bearing of the patriarchs of old, brought some samples from Silver Reef and my father sent them to Chas. Hoffman who I think was at the time superintendent of the New Almaden quicksilver mines a few miles from San Jose, California. Hoffman accompanied by Prof. Janney came to Pioche and my father took them to Silver Reef; they brought back samples which were assayed by A. H. Emanuel (who later became Mayor of Tombstone, Arizona). I was working for Emanuel and pounded up the samples in a mortar that was formerly a silver bullion mould. The assays ran so high that Hoffman and Janney thought they had been salted, and they arranged with Emanuel to let them reassay the check samples. Emanuel walked out and they took possession of the assay office, and the first thing they did was to test all of the chemicals. They could hardly believe their eyes when their results practically checked with Emanuel's assays. They bought the property and shortly after sent a bunch of Mexicans headed by Pietro Vallejo, a son of the famous Gen. Vallejo, down there and built the mill, which I think was the first in Silver Reef.

It took some hard thinking for Hoffman and Janney to overcome their skepticism, as it was claimed by all geologists that silver could not exist in a sandstone formation, and as far as I know this is the only locality in which it does so exist. In addition to this Silver Reef is unique in the fact that native silver was found in petrified trees many feet below the surface.

My last sojourn at the Reef was in 1887 when it was already beginning to assume the aspect of a ghost town. Yours,

Adolph Jacobs.

CORRECTING HISTORICAL ERRORS

Elder John Brown, residing at Kanab, Kane County, writes to the *Deseret News*, November, 1893, in regard to the name of the pioneer who had the honor of plowing the first furrow in Utah Territory, as follows: "I see in the index of Bancroft's History of Utah, the name of John Brown, who ascended the Twin Peaks in 1847, also of John Brown, pioneer of 1847, who was cut off the Church. I wish to say that the John Brown who ascended the mountain called Twin Peaks in 1847, and John Brown, pioneer of 1847, is the same individual, but up to this date he has not been cut off the Church; he it is who writes this article. It was stated in the obituary of the late Robert T. Thomas, who died in Provo a year ago, that he was the last of the advance party of pioneers who entered the valley on the 22nd of July, 1847, with Orson Pratt. That is a mistake. John S. Gleason, Henry Walker and myself, all now living in Pleasant Grove, were of that party. There is some dispute as to who plowed the first furrow in Utah. That I cannot decide, although I was there. I was the first man who mowed grass with a scyth to clear off a piece of ground for a turnip patch. This was on the 23rd of July, 1847. How easy it is for errors to get into history.

SILK WORMS AND OSAGE ORANGE LEAVES

We were shown today, (July 28, 1869) a number of cocoons spun by silkworms fed exclusively on the leaves of the Osage Orange. The cocoons were sent to President Brigham Young by Bro. Samuel Cornaby, of Spanish Fork. In a letter accompanying them Bro. Cornaby says, "The eggs were brought from England by Bishop Thurber on his return from his mission in 1866. In 1867, the number of the worms being small, they were fed on mulberry leaves; but the two past seasons they have been fed exclusively on Osage orange leaves. The worms appear to be healthy. We have about five thousand this present year, and have had none die up to the present time." The cocoons are of large size and good color, and, with the exception of the fibre being, perhaps, not quite so fine, seems fully equal to cocoons spun by worms fed on mulberry leaves.

Utah State Historical Society

BOARD OF CONTROL

(Terms Expiring April 1, 1933)

J. CECIL ALTER, Salt Lake City

JOEL E. RICKS, Logan

WM. R. PALMER, Cedar City

PARLEY L. WILLIAMS, Salt Lake City

ALBERT F. PHILIPS, Salt Lake City

(Terms Expiring April 1, 1935)

GEORGE E. FELLOWS, Salt Lake City

WILLIAM J. SNOW, Provo

HUGH RYAN, Salt Lake City

LEVI E. YOUNG, Salt Lake City

FRANK K. SEEGMILLER, Salt Lake City

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS 1931-1932

ALBERT F. PHILIPS, President Emeritus

WILLIAM J. SNOW, President

J. CECIL ALTER, Secretary-Treasurer-Librarian

HUGH RYAN, Vice President

Editor in Chief

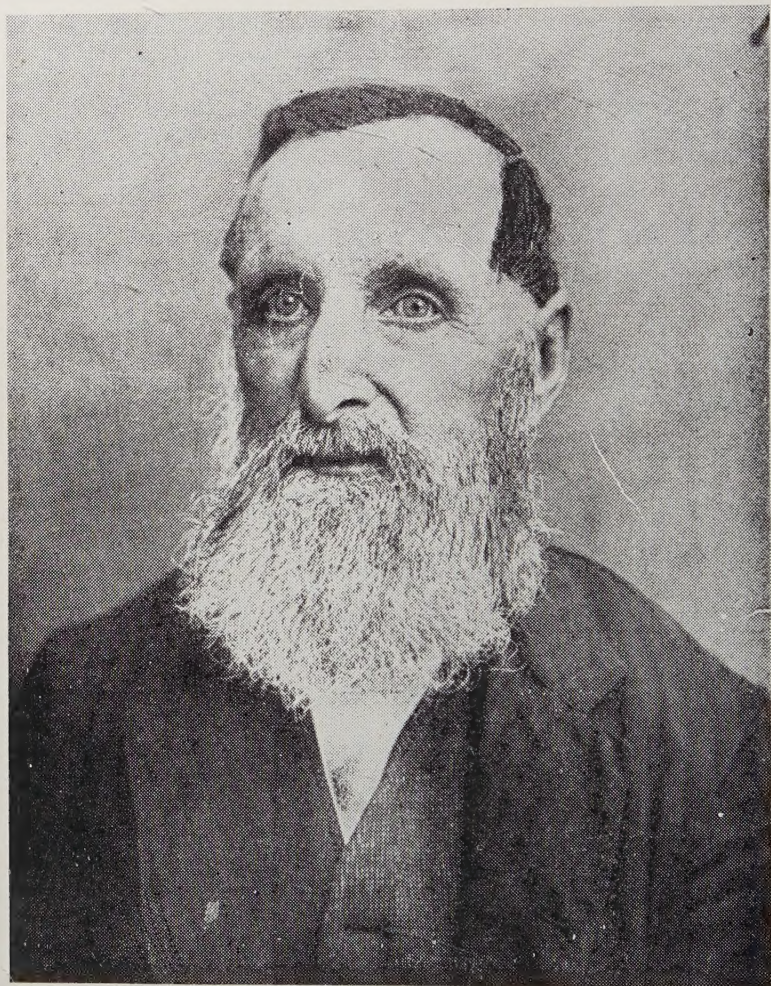
All Members, Board of Control, Associate Editors

MEMBERSHIP

Paid memberships at the required fee of \$2 a year, will include current subscriptions to the Utah Historical Quarterly. Non-members and institutions may receive the Quarterly at \$1 a year or 35 cents per copy; but it is preferred that residents of the State become active members, and thus participate in the deliberations and achievements of the Society. Checks should be made payable to the Utah State Historical Society and mailed to the Secretary-Treasurer, 131 State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah.

CONTRIBUTIONS

The Society was organized essentially to collect, disseminate and preserve important material pertaining to the history of the State. To effect this end, contributions of writings are solicited, such as old diaries, journals, letters and other writings of the pioneers; also original manuscripts by present day writers on any phase of early Utah history. Treasured papers or manuscripts may be printed in faithful detail in the Quarterly, without harm to them, and without permanently removing them from their possessors. Contributions and correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Utah Historical Quarterly, 131 State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah.



HENRY W. BIGLER

The Deseret News

Born August 28, 1815; Died November 24, 1900.